

This War of Mine

by TheShirtmaker

Category: Halo, Wolfenstein series

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: S. Palmer, T. Lasky

Pairings: S. Palmer/T. Lasky

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-27 03:25:16

Updated: 2014-12-27 23:49:52

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:16:25

Rating: M

Chapters: 9

Words: 17,314

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: What would happen if the artifact that was brought on board the Infinity could do more than materialize people down to Requiem? What if it could bring in people from another dimension? One where the UNSC is unheard of and the Third Reich rules with an iron fist? Join Kurt Meyer, a rouge Spec Ops Reich soldier as he interacts with the Infinity and the Halo Universe.

## 1. Prologue

**\*\*Hello to all the new and returning readers of this fanfic! I will be adding in a timeline to give you all a better understanding of what has happened to set the stage for this story, so to speak. As a result, all of the other chapters will be moved up one, so the story will officially start next chapter. If you haven't read this story before or are returning to it, I highly recommend you check out this brief history of Wolfenstein: The New Order. Of course, Wolfenstein belongs to its respective developers and producers, and I do not own Halo, either. My OC characters are property of me, myself, and I, but that's about it. Enjoy\*\*!**

...

Wolfenstein: The New Order (Timeline)

943 - German Prince Heinrich I is sealed within his tomb by Simon the Wanderer.

1860 - Wilhelm Strasse is born.

August 15, 1911 - B.J. Blazkowicz is born in America.

August 18, 1918 - The German Thule society is established.

September 6, 1923 - Anya Oliwa is born.

1933 - Adolf Hitler becomes Chancellor of Germany.

1937 - Wilhelm Strasse, also known as "Deathshead", begins researching Project Æbersoldat.

September 1, 1939 - Hitler, making a nonaggression pact with Russia's leader Josef Stalin, invades Poland, starting the Second World War. Less than two years later most of Europe, including France, has been overrun by the Nazi war machine.

1940 - The Nazis discover a new source of power in the form of the Veil. More than half the members of the Thule Society are Nazis.

1941 - The invasion of Russia, code named Operation Barbarossa, begins as the Wehrmacht carves a bloody swath into the Soviet Union. Stalin denounces Hitler, but Russia's fate is sealed.

March 12, 1943 - Agent Blazkowicz is reassigned to OSA. He and Agent One are sent from Libya to capture Helga von Bulow in northern Egypt.

March 14, 1943 - Blazkowicz and Agent One reach Ras El-Hadid.

March 15, 1943 - Blazkowicz infiltrates Castle Wolfenstein.

March 17, 1943 - The prototype Leichenfaust 44 is developed.

March 16, 1945 - The Red Army retreats from Moscow following a week-long German bombing raid that obliterated the city.

June 25, 1945 - The British Royal Air Force is crippled after the Battle of Liverpool.

With no aerial support, Blazkowicz is the last defense for England. He sabotages the SS Tirpitz before it launches missiles on the beleaguered English forces and steals a Thule Medallion before the ship explodes. Viktor Zetta (former Æbersoldat Commander) dies and is replaced with Wilhelm Strasse.

July 10, 1946 - Adolf Hitler addressed in an newspaper interview of wanting "peace for mankind."

July 16, 1946 - U.S. and British forces attack Deathshead's compound.

The Nazis gain the advantage and the war turns in their favor with improved technology in robotics and weaponry. Blazkowicz's secret mission to assassinate Wilhelm "Deathshead" Strasse fails. B.J. is forced to choose between saving two fellow soldiers Wyatt or Reid, and letting the other become Strasse's guinea pig. Ultimately, B.J. escapes, but is injured and forced to reside in a mental institute for the better part of 10 years.

August 20, 1946 - German-Japanese forces win the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

December 12, 1946 - The Soviet Union surrenders to Germany following the German Army's last battle against the Red Army in Izhevsk and the

loss of Moscow. Josef Stalin is missing and is rumored to have been assassinated by his own men.

January 3, 1947 - Germany launches an amphibious invasion of Canada.

March 7, 1948 - The People's Liberation Army repels Japanese forces to the Hubei province. However, the German Army threatens China from the north.

June 21, 1948 - The United Kingdom falls under German rule and the British monarchy is abolished.

July 8, 1948 - The Republic of China surrenders unconditionally to Germany. Japan is forced to relinquish its territorial claims in Asia to Germany.

December 21, 1948 - Nazi Germany drops an atomic bomb on New York City.

December 24, 1948 - The President of the United States declares the American government's surrender to the German Army. Following the surrender, German soldiers parade down the streets of Washington, D.C. Hitler makes a victory speech on the Capitol building.

January 7, 1949 - German forces begin pacification in America.

February, 1949 - The Nazis demolish Mount Rushmore.[17]

October 13, 1949 - Nazi Germany invades northern Italy in what is considered a betrayal by the Italians.

June, 1950 - During a soccer game in Brazil a player is shot by a German officer for injuring one of the other team's players.

July, 1951 - German astronaut Hans Armstark and his co-pilot Emmerich Otto become the first men to land on the moon.

September 17, 1951 - The August Uprising in London is brutally crushed by the London Monitor. The last remnants of the London freedom fighters are systematically wiped out.

October 25, 1953 - The Great Wall of China is reinforced by German engineering to guarding China from "potential invaders" from the Mongolian territories.

1956 - The German Lunar Base is established.

October 2, 1957 - The Gibraltar Bridge is open to the public.

October 9, 1960 - B.J. Blazkowicz escapes from his psychotropic imprisonment and leads the resistance against the Nazi regime and Deathshead.

October 10, 1960 - Dr. Ernst Brandt, one of Germany's key figures in computational science and inventor of the first A.I. system to be used in the Panzerhund, publicly announces his plans to create the smartest non-human intelligence.

October 13, 1960 - B.J. Blazkowitz launch a prison break at Eisenwald Prison and rejoins the Kreisau Circle.

October 15, 1960 - The Kreisau Circle launch an attack on the London Nautica.

November, 1960 - The Kreisau Circle launch an assault on Deathshead's Compound to rescue their captured members and finally finishing off Deathshead, though B.J. is killed at the end of the battle.

November, 1960 - A Kurt Meyer hears of B.J.'s extraordinary accomplishment, and, disgusted with the Nazis, gathers a group a men loyal to him and not Hitler to break away from the Reich and to also link up with the resistance.

And so the story begins...

## 2. An Unexpected Chain of Events

**\*\*Kurt Meyer POV. November 26, 1960. Nazi Research Base/Outpost, Ardennes Forest\*\*.**

Nothing. That was all that greeted Kurt Meyer after listening for any incoming bullets.

He and his squad had been on the run for over 48 hours after he and his compatriots were labeled as having gone rogue by the High Command of the Reich. 'Now, how did this come to be?' Kurt mused while scanning the area around him for threats. 'Quite simple, really.' His story began in his youth. Growing up, Kurt was fascinated with the Great War, between the "evil" Allies, and the ever righteous cause that he had thought the Nazi regime to be. The war was won by the Germans, and the Allies were crushed underneath the hob nailed boots of the Reich. Seeking glory and a boost to his ego, Kurt signed up as a soldier as soon as he was eligible. Once indoctrinated into the lie and monster that the Third Reich was, Kurt had served the Fuhrer with the utmost respect and admiration, at one point in his career even getting commended by the aged, twisted old man himself. He was even given his own squad for command by simply requesting a group if hand picked men suitable for tasks he had in mind. Men he had grown up with, who shared his ideals. That was one year ago. Now Kurt knew better. As he progressed in his career, he had noticed that only those that fit the Nazi's strict racial code had progressed at all in life. He had dismissed those thoughts, Kurt thought bitterly. That those not him were subhuman creatures, that did not deserve to be anywhere but in the factories and alleyways that were across the country.

This all changed, however, when he was stationed at a post located in North America, several years after the war. It was there that he saw a people broken, a people who had fought for so long and resisted the weight of the Nazi Wehrmacht, that they led lives imprisoned, and without freedom. His formal training as a soldier of the Reich, extensive as it was, did not prevent him from feeling something stir with himself. A sense that, for once in his life, he was doing something wrong.

Once called back to the fatherland, he began searching through the heavily encrypted War Archives in Berlin, driven by an unknown feeling that drove him to do what he was doing. It wasn't long before Kurt found out just what the Nazi Regime had done to obtain its victories, and what it had done to those who had lost. Experimentations, torture, murder, and genocides on a worldwide scale, all seen and learned by Kurt in mere hours, making him so sick that he had later been transported to a major hospital due to the belief that he was suffering from a severe illness.

To find out just what he had been fighting for, what he had been tricked into doing, made Kurt nearly want to bite the bullet.

But, not a few months ago, Kurt had caught word of a growing resistance movement, spearheaded by an American soldier named B. J. Blazkowicz. Many Nazis had died to his hand, and material about him that was never to be released to the public about just how successful Blazkowicz was ended up in Kurt's hands. Instead of the gun, Kurt found another way to remedy what he had done in his past. Whether it was with the Resistance or not, he decided to leave the Nazi despot that he had grown accustomed to and, with men whom were loyal to him and who would die for him, decided to renounce the Nazi ideology.

It was only two days ago that Commander Deathshead's base had been destroyed by none other than Blazkowicz himself, and Kurt had then decided to make his move.

Quickly, quietly, and with no hint of doing so beforehand, Special Reich Division's Kurt Meyer, along with his team of handpicked men, left behind the life he had known in search for one with a chance for redemption and justice against those he had supported for so long. After making a short stop at his Division's Headquarters to raid the armory for weapons and supplies, the most notable being an advanced set of armor Kurt appropriated for himself that could change its layout on a whim. After this, the small group of soldiers was off, trying to get away from the scope of the Nazis as quickly as humanly possible.

And so, over the course of those two days, Kurt and his men made their way to the Ardennes Forest in hopes of finding the resistance and possibly a place to stay. Kurt, from his career, had remembered that an outpost was positioned somewhere in the forest to monitor... He couldn't remember. Advanced technology, was it? Placed out in the middle of a forest so that in the case of an accident, there wouldn't be any collateral damage. Kurt had ordered his men to infiltrate the outpost for any useful information or supplies that they might gather.

Not long after their disappearance had the Nazi Government declared them rogue and to be hunted down. This made the gathering of essential resources hard, considering they were to be killed on sight. And so, after coming across the outpost, Kurt decided it would be wise to raid it for any supplies it might hold. So, there was Kurt, looking for any signs of movement at the main door that marked the entrance of the outpost. He spotted a heavy machine gunner on the top of the small base, surrounded by sandbags, as well as a support gunner. However, the two troopers were casually laid back and were ignorant of the 5-man team making their way up to the outpost. Kurt slowly held up a fist- ordering his men behind him to stop. They all froze, waiting for the next command. Kurt then proceeded to point his

hand into two different directions for his team to go-a pincer movement. As they got into their various positions, Kurt lined up a shot on the support gunner. He would be the one most likely to return fire, after all. Over the internal coms he muttered, "Ready?" Acknowledgment signs flickered on-4 of them. Taking a breath Kurt said "On me." And fired a burst from his near armor piercing assault rifle.

His aim could not have been more true, as the bullets slammed into the support gunners body before he could so much as scream, killing him instantly. Two other bursts from his squad mates produced a similar result, the body of the heavy gunner falling over the tripod mounted machine gun. "Move!" Kurt barked. His team needed no reminders as they scrambled to reach the front entrance.

The first member of his team to get there was a man named Joseph Steiner, who simply slammed full force into the door, bringing it off its hinges. A surprised and horrified looking officer simply stood there in an off-duty shirt and pants, no holster in sight. Steiner quickly gunned him down, much to Kurt's approval, and the team headed further inside the outpost. The inside was rather bland, just a narrow hallway with several doors marked storage, and another marked as the lower level of the base. Knowing the layout of nearly every architectural plan of all Nazi military buildings, Kurt simply stated through the coms, "To the basement! Double time it!" Most likely, upgrades for weapons or anything of value to the team would be found there.

As Kurt reached for the door handle to the basement, he heard a clicking sound. Kurt frowned, knowing that the door had just been locked. "Get a charge on that door," he ordered, also knowing that anything of use in that basement could be destroyed by the defenders if given enough time. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that. His demolitions man, simply called Conrad, stepped up with a nod. As the team waited for him to set the charge, Kurt, using one of his specialized suit's many features, took a thermal scan of the sub level by means of his helmet. Upon completion, reported his findings to the rest of his team. "There are no more than three to four enemy combatants in there," Kurt stated. "Thermal shows three armed men setting up in the basement below, possibly setting up demolition charges, and fourth is unarmed but is by a radio set. He may have already called for support, and I don't know how soon that reinforcements can get here. We have to move fast if we want to salvage anything." By this point, Conrad had set the charge. With a nod from Kurt, and after all lights winked green, Conrad took an audible breath, and, with all weapons raised, detonated the charge.

The door blew inwards and down the stairs, followed quickly by the team. Kurt went in first, and saw a figure stumbling back from the small explosion. "Contact!" Kurt yelled, and he along with Steiner proceeded to pump high end ammunition into his torso and helmet, ending his life violently and causing his body to drop and roll down the stairs. Meanwhile, Steiner, with help from the other two members, one of whom was named Mathias, the team's designated sharpshooter, and the other, Johan, the team support gunner, aimed down the stairwell to put down the other enemy combatants. Looking down they saw that the room was near full with computers and monitoring charts, their purposes unknown, but a deadlier surprise was waiting for them. Just in time they were able to pull back from the edge as a hail of

bullets came up to greet them from two heavy gunners at the base of the stairs.

Cursing, Steiner was able to yell out, "Down! We have to go down!" Kurt merely nodded and said, rather hurriedly, "When they reload I need covering fire!" Without waiting for a response Kurt dashed down the stairwell amid a torrent of bullets. Then, it happened: the two heavy gunners ran out of ammunition for their high caliber weapons. Knowing what this meant they tried to back until cover, but just as they were going to Mathias, with an ever present sniper rifle in his hands, took aim and fired. One of the troopers cried out as blood and bits of bone suddenly exploded from his shoulder. As he fell to the ground, the other trooper tried desperately to reload his weapon, but not before a round from Kurt's reappeared muzzle embedded itself in the man's skull. Without a sound, he crumpled to the ground, leaving the injured gunner and another soldier who had picked up a sidearm by the radio equipment.

"Hands up! Drop your weapon and we'll let you live!" However, even as he said this Kurt noticed the man tense up, and, without a word, turned and fired. The round barely missed Kurt's shoulder pauldron, but this was all that could be done by the last trooper. By this point in time the rest of the squad had assembled at the base of the stairs, and upon seeing this, they all fired as one. The amassed firepower of five heavily armed soldiers turned the trooper's body into nothing more than a bullet riddled corpse within seconds. The last of the defenders was killed.

Sighing, Kurt topped off his weapon allowed himself to relax a little. His squad had done very well in the face of danger. Not surprising, to say the least. As Kurt mused, he noticed the wounded trooper trying in vain to crawl away from the invading group. "Scavenge weapons and ammo," he told his squad. "I'll deal with this one." With all lights winking green, Kurt slung his rifle over his shoulder and pulled out his sidearm-a highly customized automatic handgun.

While his team fanned out Kurt walked up to the trooper, cautious for any tricks he might have had in store. Sure enough, the trooper tried to pull out his own sidearm to bring around and fire at Kurt. Just as he pulled it out, though, a heavy boot landed on his wrist with a sickening crunch, and with a cry of renewed pain, the injured man dropped the gun. Kurt wasn't amused, to say the least. "I'm going to get to the point, so you had better listen carefully. Don't try to pull that 'I won't talk' crap on me. What do these machines do, and are they of any importance to us?" By now Kurt had his sidearm trained onto a very sensitive part of the soldier's body, and upon seeing this, the man visibly paled despite his pain.

Shakily, he said, "T-the High Command was investigating an alien artifact that had been dug up here at the height of the Great War. They s-said that it was of the utmost importance that they learn and duplicate its properties, specifically something to do with teleportation abilities." Upon hearing this, Kurt narrowed his eyes and responded, "Then why here? Why not in Berlin if it truly is alien? Why are there not more soldiers guarding this outpost?!" Upon saying this he stepped further on the injured man's wrist, causing him to yell out in pain. "T-the a-artifact was deemed too volatile to keep in place like Berlin! Just look at it, for God's sake! We didn't understand what it could do if mishandled!" the man cried out,

pointing to a rather large, black object the size of a small convertible. Hovering just above the ground, the object had a certain, menacing air about it. Indeed, it looked almost digitalized, with red lines in between the black segments. It looked...unstable. The man further explained, quickly saying, "When the war ended the project was deemed useless and put under observation here. That's all I know, I swear!"

The man was now backing up even further and holding his hands out. While Kurt had now sworn himself against his former brothers-in-arms, he wouldn't outright murder the man. So he planned to render him unconscious, preferably with a pistol whip, and then leave the area. He would probably die of his wound later on, so it wouldn't matter a great deal. And then, he saw it. A hand behind the soldier's back.

Kurt's eyes widened briefly as the soldier brought around a Tesla grenade, one that could cook people alive and then blow them apart. Quickly raising his handgun he fired twice into the man's helmeted head, killing him-but not before he primed and threw the grenade. "Grenade!" Kurt shouted, hoping, praying that his team would escape harm. Fortunately, the others heard the shots and moved out of the way of the grenade, safely shielded from shrapnel by their armor. But, to everyone's horror and fear, the grenade landed just in front of the alien artifact. And then exploded. Electrical energy danced across the artifact, glowing brighter and brighter until everything was consumed in a bright white light, and, if anyone could still see, they would have seen all living beings in the room literally be digitalized. And then, everything went black.

**\*\*Author's Note\*\***: To those that read this, thank you! Your support is appreciated very much on this first fic of mine! Obviously, this chapter introduced the story, and the characters will be developed more. Other than that, criticism and thoughts as to where I should take this story are appreciated! Like if you did, and follow if you want more. More to come!

### 3. Confrontation

**\*\*Captain Thomas Lasky POV. February, 2558, Standard UNSC Time, Six Months After The Requiem Event. UNSC Infinity, Lasky's Office\*\***.

Thomas Lasky was, for a lack of a better word, worried. He had been tasked by the top brass of the UNSC with hunting down and destroying Storm anti-human forces in and around Requiem to pave the way for a major study and excavation of Forerunner artifacts. Given that he was in charge of the largest, not to mention the most powerful, ship that the UNSC could wield, one would think that he would be brimming with confidence and anticipation for the upcoming fight that was to be for the Shield World Requiem was after dealing with Storm orbital defenses. However, all Lasky felt at the moment was concern at the fact that of all the scientists he was to use to help study any Forerunner technology they could find to be assistance, the ones he were given included the one and only Doctor Halsey. Though not on the ship, she had been assigned to the fleet he was traversing with in case he needed additional scientific expertise. It was the very one that created the Spartan-IIIs, including the Master Chief and who was, arguably, the smartest person that the UNSC could offer. 'Not without



some merit,' Lasky grudgingly thought.

It was true that if anyone could understand what a piece of Forerunner technology could do, it would be her. However, this was where Lasky's thoughts of the scientist grew conflicted. Yes, she had made the Spartans who they were and she did a damn fine job at that. But in order to make them, she had abducted specified children from their parents to fill the spots for candidates in the Spartan Program. Many of those children would die from the training they were forced to endure, and others would live the rest of their lives disabled or disfigured due to the Doctor's actions. She had committed a countless number of war crimes to get where she was, but, despite the fact that she should of been executed a long time back, the truth was that she was too smart to get rid of. And so, to put her at use, UNSC High Command decided to have him "monitor, assist, and aid Doctor Halsey in any way possible to further enhance the results of a possibly evolutionary ground operation."

Thomas Lasky, Captain of the best warship humanity had, who had at his command several Spartan ground teams and over five thousand personnel, was put on babysitting duties with a war criminal. Lasky sighed as he took in the silence of his office. He took a quick glance at his holo tank, nothing showing up at the moment. Something would come up sooner or later, he thought. He had recently received reports that, after punching through Storm orbital defenses, fire team Majestic and Crimson had managed to secure and hold a Forerunner artifact marked by Crimson as "Priority One," and were making their way back up to the Infinity as of the most recent update. 'That was fifteen minutes ago,' Lasky mused. They would be coming in very soon. "Roland?" Lasky called out, to which the smart AI appeared on Lasky's desk, respond with a curt, "Aye, Captain?" "ETA on Majestic's arrival with mission critical materials?" Lasky ordered. "They're docking now, Captain," Roland replied. "Would you like me to arrange an escort for you to the hangar?" "No," Lasky replied with a small smile, "that won't be necessary. I'll get there myself. A walk would be good right about now." Roland merely nodded, and disappeared back I too the ship's mainframe. Lasky stood up, brushing off his perfectly arraigned uniform, and headed to the hangar to see to this new artifact.

**\*\*Spartan Commander Sarah Palmer POV. Hangar Bay, UNSC Infinity\*\*.**

Sarah Palmer frowned. She had just talked to Majestic's team leader, learning of Spartan Hoya's combat injury, and, needless to say, she was less than impressed with Majestic's performance. 'If only they could be more like Crimson,' she thought with a small feeling disgust towards Hoya's recklessness. Something that a member of Crimson would never exert, on or off a mission.

However, she was pulled from her thoughts when Majestic Team's Jared Millard interrupted her, asking, "Commander Palmer?" She turned to face the other Spartan, who then nodded towards a transport offloading cargo. "What's that?" Sure enough, coming off the transport at that exact moment was the prize of the most recent ground mission, a forerunner artifact of unknown caliber. It wasn't overly large, but it radiated power and a sleek design with interlocking black panels and red lines made a point that it was far more ad ancestry than anything the UNSC had. "Crimson Team scored the first grab," Palmer replied to Millard. "Whatever it is, it's got the

eggheads all tingling."

Just after saying this, the gravitational clamp placed on the strange artifact fell off with a loud clank and the artifact fell to a stop just above the floor. The scientists surrounding it immediately backed off, and, not seconds later, the Forerunner machine gave off an ominous pulse that radiated over the hangar bay, and throughout the entire ship. The results were instantaneous. All around Palmer, lights shut off, machines stopped moving, and, most distressingly, the ship started drifting in orbit above Requiem. Knowing what this meant, Palmer quickly magnetized her boots, just as the artificial gravity kicked out. All personnel that did not have magnetized boots or a solid grip on something stable were quickly sent spinning into thin air. Palmer, knowing that Infinity needed power back to realign her orbit, quickly patched herself through to the ship's AI.

"Roland?" she asked. "What is this damn thing?" Roland simply responded with "Unknown, Spartan." Frowning, Palmer decided to improvise on the spot. It was in her training, after all. Ignoring a frantic scientist that floated by she placed herself no more than fifteen feet from the artifact. Tensing her body up, she quickly ran, building up speed towards the object until she was almost on top of it. With a quick yell, she slammed her right, armored boot into the artifact as hard as she could. Instantly, the machine gave out a pulse, reversing the effects of what it had done not minutes prior. Power was seen once again in the Infinity as crew member came collapsing down onto the floor with bruises and scrapes being the worst of the injuries suffered. The Infinity's engines, once again online, realigned itself with its former flight path, saving the ship from near disaster. Satisfied, Sarah gave a small smile before intercepting a coms request and, answering it, she was greeted by the captain's voice. "Sarah? Are you all right? Look, Stay put by the artifact, I'm bringing down Glassman to investigate along with myself. We can't have an incident like that again. That was too close for comfort. Lasky out."

**\*\*Captain Thomas Lasky POV. Hangar Bay, UNSC Infinity\*\*.**

After that strenuous ordeal, Lasky was more than intrigued by the certain Forerunner machine that had been brought on board his ship. With Glassman in tow, he proceeded down to the aft vehicle bay, where both Sarah and the artifact were waiting. Upon seeing Her, he quickened his pace ever so slightly. "Status update, Sarah?" The Spartan replied by saying, "Physical persuasion hasn't had much of an effect." Looking towards the artifact, she continued by adding, "The thing's stuck fast." Glancing at Doctor Glassman, who was now standing directly beside him, she simply stated, "It's all yours, Doc." Quite eagerly, Glassman stepped forward to investigate the strange machine that lay before him. Tilting his head a little, he tentatively prodded the machine, which responded with small digital pulses where he touched.

Smiling, he continued to run his hands along the surface, more ripples appearing. "Why, I've never seen anything like this.." He murmured, almost to himself. Turning to face the other two with a broad grin he continued by saying, "This is ama-" but was suddenly interrupted by the frantic shouts of Lasky. "Glassman! Watch out!" Sure enough, the ripples had spread across his hand and were starting to consume him. Startled, and slightly terrified, Glassman turned and

yelled out, "Captain!" and held out a hand. Lasky started to grab it when Palmer suddenly yelled, "Tom!" And tackled him, breaking his grip with Glassman. Not seconds later, Glassman, with an yell, was literally digitalized and sucked into the artifact. With a sinking feeling still in his gut, Lasky turned to Palmer and stated simply, "We're going to need her."

**\*\*Captain Thomas Lasky POV. Ground Zero, Hagar Bay, UNSC Infinity\*\*.**

After greeting Doctor Catherine Halsey onboard the ship, they had gotten straight to business. Dropping the Marine detail she had following her, Lasky chose Majestic's squad leader, Millard, Palmer, and himself to take her to the artifact. No one else would be able to help solve the mystery of the Forerunner machine, and, despite Palmer's obvious dislike and discomfort around Halsey, Lasky needed her right about now. As the group walked in, Halsey asked, "A little dark for a proper investigation, don't you think?" Sure enough, the hangar that was around the artifact was still completely dark, except for the soft glow that the artifact gave off and the light of the door they just entered through. Lasky explained, "We've still been experiencing power fluctuations throughout the ship. We've been unable to restore power to this area of the ship. I will make sure to give you more lighting equipment." Halsey responded, saying, "Yes, that would be nice..."

Her voice trailed off as she neared the artifact, taking in its shape, qualities, colors, and everything in general about it. "Have there been any...altercations since-" Halsey was interrupted by Lasky, saying, "Since what happened to Doctor Glassman. No." Merely giving a nod, Halsey stepped up to the artifact. Just as she was about to lay her hands over it, though, Lasky called out, "Careful." Halsey paused, looking back at Lasky with a small hint of irritation on her face. "I'm not Henry Glassman, captain." Lasky responded by saying, "Trust me Doctor," sparing a glance at Palmer, "I know who you are."

Halsey moved around the artifact, pausing to look at a certain segment on the opposite end. (Warning: This is where the AU kicks in.) "Interesting..." Halsey muttered. "What?" Lasky demanded. Halsey replied, "It appears that this Forerunner artifact seems to be acting in tune with your Forerunner engines." She paused and looked up at Lasky. "The very ones I helped to install. Though, I'm not sure that-" Halsey was suddenly interrupted when the Forerunner machine sent out a pulse. Instantly, the Spartans aimed their weapons at Halsey, who merely held up her hands and said, "I didn't do a thing."

Lasky, not having seen Halsey do anything meriting suspicion, quickly said, "Weapons down! Halsey, what's going on?" The machine had begun pulsing faster and faster, the breaks in between each pulse growing shorter. Halsey opened her mouth to say something, but stopped when she saw bits of data begging to string together above the machine. Involuntarily, she took a step back, her eyes on the spectacle above her the whole time. The Spartans, seeing this as well, trained their weapons not on Halsey, but not on the data now flying above their heads. "What the hell is going on?!" Millard asked. "Eyes up!" Palmer barked. "Doctor, come over here!" At this Halsey backed towards the group, eyes still observant. By this point the data was a flurry of red and orange pixels going to and fro forming... "Are those

humans?!" Majestic's squad leader gasped, mouth open and eyes wide.

Halsey, equally shocked, started to reply, "Now, whether they're human or not would be hard to determine-" when suddenly the data gathering literally exploded. The entire group was thrown back off their feet, even the Spartans, when the force exerted hit them. Lasky, coughing, started to get up when he noticed something very, very disturbing. At the base of the artifact, also getting to their feet, were five heavily armed and armored individuals. Immediately, he noticed that none of them even looked remotely like they were UNSC personnel, though definitely resembled humans. 'Aliens?' Lasky thought internally. 'Forerunners?' How did they get on the ship?!"

They were well equipped ones, at that. Their armor and weapons alone were enough to make him doubt that even with the three Spartans at his disposal, they could bring them down before they caused serious harm. With no cover in the hangar, it all having been moved to give space to the artifact, there was no place to hide. "Doctor!" Lasky all but yelled, "Behind us!" By now all of the Spartans had drawn and aimed their weapons at the newcomers, and had formed a barrier between the five soldiers across from them and both Lasky and Halsey. Halsey simply stood behind the Spartans, observing the intruders that were by the artifact. Lasky, however, was less interested in observing them, and when their advanced-looking weapons snapped up to meet his group, his mind went into overdrive. "Roland!" Lasky shouted into his coms, "We have intruders in the hangar bay! I repeat, we have unknowns onboard the Infinity!"

**\*\*Author's Note\*\***: Confrontation! If you want this to go down any particular way, why not drop a review? I would be more than happy to see what I could work in from suggestions and tips. In the meantime, see you next chapter!

#### 4. Standoff

**\*\*Spartan Commander Sarah Palmer POV. Hangar Bay, UNSC Infinity\*\***.

Commander Palmer was not overly surprised when the unknown figures suddenly materialized out of thin air and rallied around the artifact. Her training, coupled with the fact that she was working with ancient technology had made her expect something like this. What she was surprised about was that the unknown figures looked very similar to humans, and that their technology, while obviously showing off a mix of power and style, also didn't look that far off from UNSC BDUs. This just begged the question: Who were they dealing with?

These thoughts were of many that went through the Spartan Commander's mind as she kept her dual Magnums on two of the unknowns. Lasky, after hailing Roland, had drawn his sidearm as well, aiming at another one of them. Despite hailing Roland though, it would be at least several minutes before a fire team could make its way down to their location, leaving anything to chance. The aliens, if that was what they really were, had also aimed their weapons at the small UNSC group, fingers on their respective triggers.

It was a miracle that no one had fired yet on the other group. It was a tense standoff, though, with the only reason the Spartans hadn't fired being that two of the most important officials onboard the Infinity were right in the middle of it all, unarmored and one of them being unarmed. To start a firefight would mean near certain death for Halsey, and Lasky would most likely be severely hurt, even with his Captain's BDU on. No, fighting would have to be avoided at all costs.

Palmer used this time (which for her, though not long in reality, lasted a lifetime) to analyze their weapons and armor to a greater extent. The unknowns had dark black and grey armor, which looked like it could shrug off most small arms fire to a moderate extent. On each of their chests rested a chest-plate depicting an eagle holding an unknown symbol in its hands, possibly of an unknown group, or organization. Palmer made a note to herself to investigate that later. Looking on, she also noticed that their arms were covered by dull grey guard pieces, as were their legs, and were covered head to toe by a black covering that showed no skin whatsoever. Sarah further made note of the black shoulder pauldrons that each of the opposing soldiers wore on their left, depicting triple red lines running vertically down along with that strange symbol. One in particular had a prominent pauldron that literally stood out among the others. Its combat suit was also slightly different from the others in that it was thinner, and seemed to be a bit more polished, or well done. 'Possibly a higher ranking official?' Palmer thought internally. Most interesting, however, were their faces, or rather, what covered them. A black face mask left nothing exposed, and, with only two holes for eyes that were completely dark and steel helmets covering the rest up, there was a feeling of coldness, and a lack of humanity among those that stood across from Palmer, that almost felt like looking at a machine.

Shrugging it off, Palmer returned her focus to the present, only having mulled over her previous thoughts for mere moments. Neither group had decided to make any contact with the other, both only deciding to observe the other. That was, until, one of the unknowns decided to speak up.

**\*\*Kurt Meyer POV.\*\***

Kurt was positively dumbstruck at the situation that he, along with his men, were currently in. After temporarily blacking out, both Kurt and his men had reawakened to the frantic shouts and scuffles of the people across from them trying to understand just what the hell had happened. Instantly, the squad's weapons had been snapped up to meet the soldiers opposite of Kurt's group. Since then, his men had been talking quietly over their coms and not making any movements besides the occasional repositioning of a foot or so.

They also made their personal observations of the people across from them, including three heavily armed soldiers without helmets on, betraying their shock and confusion when the former Reich soldiers had first dropped in. Other than that, Kurt's squad were busying themselves by trying to understand what exactly they had just gone through. After making sure that his external speakers were nullified, Conrad became the first to comment on their predicament.

"What the hell was that all about?!" Conrad hissed vehemently. "One minute, we're standing all fine and peachy in the outpost, and then

that artifact went up like a Roman Candle. Where in God's gracious name are we?!" Mathias, the sniper, was notably calmer in his response. "Well, I think it's fairly obvious that we landed in a place that has humans in it. Also, this does not support the fact that we have died and gone to the afterlife, as surely it would be better than...this."

Mathias paused, presumably to look at his surroundings through a side camera. "I don't know where we are, but deducing from the clues and environment around, I'd wager that we aren't in France anymore. Rather obvious, I know, but that's all, I can gather at this time." Kurt was about to respond, when an idea formed within him. It would be a way to possibly ease the situation and maybe even gather more information as to where they were. Speaking quietly, Kurt responded with, "Good observations, but we're going to need to know who exactly we're dealing with here." If the team wasn't listening before, they certainly were now. "I'm going to make contact with them."

The coms fell silent for a moment before Kurt continued. "We are obviously on their grounds here, so we can expect reinforcements to arrive at any given moment. Things would only get more ugly from there, and this may be our only chance to talk to some in a position of power. You all know who I'm talking about." Indeed the squad had, for they had noticed (besides the heavily armed and armored soldiers) the man in the broad center in a somewhat regal attire. "That must be a high ranking officer, if not their commander. There's no other way to go about doing this."

Once again, silence ruled over the squad communications, before Steiner piped up, saying, "If things take a turn for the worst, sir, we have your back." The others gave their assent as well, leaving Kurt to do what had to be done. 'Well,' Kurt thought, 'here goes nothing.' And he turned on his external speaker.

**\*\*Doctor Catherine Halsey POV\*\*.**

When the unknown started to talk, Halsey was more than surprised when the being spoke not only in a very human voice, but also in a language that, though having been dead for multiple centuries, was once used by members of the human race, that language being German. Though no one of the other group had moved, Halsey could tell that the one speaking was one with a more ornate pauldron who was standing at the front of his group through the inclination of his head. The voice sounded between twenty to thirty years old, but held a certain degree of roughness to it. Roughness that belonged to a soldier.

The soldier had only spoken a small sentence, but Halsey, though not fluent in German, knew that only she understood he was speaking German. "Lasky," she hurriedly said, "that's a human language!" The others simply stood in mild shock (though it quickly wore off) but mainly confusion, with their grips tightening on their respective weapons, now eying the soldier who had spoken. Lasky frowned, saying, "Hello?" The unknown soldier merely tilted his head slightly sideways before responding, "Hallo?"

Then, without warning Halsey stepped forward, in front of the group of Spartans. Instantly, the opposing squad trained their weapons on Halsey and Palmer reached out to try and pull her back in, saying, "Doc! Get behind us, or else-" However, Halsey defiantly stood her ground, stepping out of Palmer's reach, and held her hands up slightly

so that the soldier in front of her could see. The soldier noticeably tensed up, but relaxed slightly when he saw what Halsey was trying to do. "Hallo," Halsey responded, her eyes never leaving the dark holes that formed the soldiers eyes, unnerving as they were.

He merely nodded slightly, and then slowly pointed a finger towards her, saying, "Deutsch?" Halsey shook her head slightly, with her hands still held out, and silently marveled at the fact that she was making history as she spoke. Then, she took a finger and, ever so slowly, repeated the process the soldier did, instead asking, "English?" Silence filled the Hagar as the soldier merely shifted onto his side. Halsey, fearing that she might not be able to make the soldier talk, was about to try a different approach when, all of a sudden, the soldier in question could be heard clearing his voice.

"Yes, Ma'am," he responded, with a slight accent to his words. "I believe that we got off to the wrong start." Lowering his weapon all the way, the soldier held out a hand, intending for Halsey to shake it. His tone staying neutral, he stated, "Commander Kurt Meyer, at your service." Halsey was about to let out a sigh of relief, until she heard the hangar entrance door opening behind her group. She turned around just as one of the marine fire teams Roland had sent in entered into the hangar area-and opened fire on Kurt.

**\*\*Author's Note\*\***: And that is chapter three, done and dusted. I'm so happy to finally be writing this, as I've had this idea in mind for a while now. Support is appreciated, anything at all, even criticism! Feel free to show it however, you want, and, in the meantime, see you next chapter everyone.

## 5. Hell Breaks Loose

Brief note before I continue on with the chapter, I just want to thank you all for the support I have been receiving for this story, and if you have any criticism or suggestions, please feel free to leave a review. Enjoy!

Time itself seemed to stop in the main hangar bay of the Infinity as the lead marine coming into the door way behind Lasky's group opened fire with his MA5C on Kurt, presumably because he looked like a severe threat to a valuable UNSC asset. Indeed, anyone coming in on the group would have been more than intimidated by Kurt's squad, weapons and all. As the tracer rounds left the barrel of the marine's weapon, Kurt managed to turn slightly so that the bullets might hit him in a more armored portion of his bodysuit.

Adrenaline pumped into his system, making time seem to slow to a crawl around Kurt as the bullets made their way towards him. As Kurt looked on, he noticed that the bullets had a low arcing path, much so that it would not hit his head, to his relief. The bullets were, however, on a path that would make it impossible to avoid. Gritting his teeth, Kurt closed his eyes briefly as the bullets slammed home into his upper right shoulder, throwing him backwards with such force that he was knocked flat onto his back. The bullets had torn through a section of his suit where the only protection was a series of straps covered by a tight bullet resistant vest.

Those did nothing, however, from stopping the refined, uranium

enriched ammunition entering into his skin, causing bits of bone and blood to spurt out onto the steel deck, and also caused Kurt to be sent flying off of his feet. Lying on his back, Kurt heard shouting, and briefly wondered what would happen to him. However, these were fleeting thoughts before Kurt's eyes started to drift shut, the pain more than he could handle. With his blood pumping out of his shoulder and his gun laying right beside him, Kurt Meyer, once again, embraced the deep clutches of darkness.

General POV.

Of all things that could have possibly happened, this was most likely the worst. Halsey, who seldom said anything foul throughout the duration of her life, uttered a myriad of curses as looked on the sight before her. "Hold fire!" Lasky barked, but it was far too late. The damage had been done. Kurt lay on the floor, blood pooling beneath his unmoving body. If he wasn't dead, he would be soon. The Germans, as Halsey had deduced them to be, immediately took action. One of the members quickly took Kurt by the shoulders and dragged him behind the artifact, while the other three quickly snapped up their weapons while moving behind the artifact. One of them, with a sniper rifle, Halsey noted, took aim at the offending trooper who had fired the first shots, shouting something that she couldn't translate. With a flash, the marine's head erupted into a spray of gore that made even Halsey grimace. The other soldiers immediately started peppering Lasky's group and the fire team that was still at the door, forcing them back outside of the hangar.

By now, alarms could be heard blaring faintly outside the confines of the hangar, and a steady tread of combat boots could be heard approaching the hangar entrance. Lasky's group, however, was still inside and susceptible to enemy fire. "Back it up!" Palmer shouted, raising her magnums to fire. However, with the enemy troops in cover and her helmet off, leaving her without targeting system, she could do nothing much more than provide covering fire in hopes to keep them suppressed. Millard and Majestic's squad leader positioned themselves to either side of Palmer and opened fire on the now concealed Germans. Lasky grabbed Halsey by the sleeve and drew he away from the ensuing fight. The captain opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, a loud flash erupted behind them, trailed by a loud Bang! as an enemy grenade detonated just in front of the Spartans. Palmer managed to roll away in time, tackling Millard in the process as well. Majestic's squad leader, however, was not as fortunate.

Trying to turn, he started to run but was engulfed in an electrical pulse sent from the grenade. His cries rang out as he crumpled to the floor unmoving, and an armored head poked out from the artifact, observing the damage done by the grenade he had most likely thrown. He was forced back into cover by Palmer who had sprung back up to her feet gracefully and fired several shots from her Magnums, assisted by Millard. Trying to use this lull in the battle to their advantage, more UNSC troops attempted to pour in through the opening, but were quickly greeted by concentrated fire from the small group of Germans. Several quickly fell to the withering fire that came from behind the Forerunner artifact, but the majority of the group set up temporary ship-boarding barricades and used them for deployable cover.

With the attention off of Lasky's group for the moment, Palmer quickly yelled, "Move!" As a detachment of Marines moved up and



placed cover around themselves, Lasky attempted to pull back Halsey, who had simply been staring at the nightmare that was unfolding around her. In sheer desperation, he all but yelled, "Doc, we've got to go, now!" With another burst of gunfire, a Marine covering the captain's group went down in a cry of agony, while another took his place and resumed firing. By this point, the body count was shooting up into the dozens, and if the UNSC's head scientist didn't move, she would join the list.

Palmer, firing her magnums, kept the Germans in cover, and more barriers were set up by engineers. A set of medics that had accompanied the Marines in quickly ran in and grabbed Majestic's squad leader, dragging him by the arms with no small amount of difficulty out of harms way. With burns covering his face, and absolutely zero movement or any kind of response from him, the fact that he would ever be back at full strength was already beginning to seem like a miracle prospect. That, however, would have to wait.

Without another word, Lasky swiftly yanked her arm back towards the hangar entrance. Halsey merely resigned herself to Lasky's incessant tugging, and soon her view of the fierce firefight unfolding was soon blocked off by more tan and green body armor of anti-boarding Marines and their deployable cover. More combat personnel were entering in at the dual steel doors that made up the pathway into the hangar and, upon seeing the small entourage that consisted of Palmer, Lasky, and Halsey, quickly opened up just enough for them to exit into the main hallway behind. As they moved in, more armed soldiers, noticeably without Spartan IVs, moved in to neutralize the threat that the Germans posed to the Infinity's interior security.

As they prepped their gear and started readying at the door, Lasky noticed that Halsey had taken a seat at a serviceman bench on the other side of the door. Waving off approaching medics in the case of any injuries, he approached the old doctor, who was currently leaning against an adjacent bulkhead. "Halsey? Are you-"

She interrupted him rather quickly, saying, "Yes, Thomas, I'm fine. Just consider me as exploring a lost opportunity." Her words were punctuated with albeit intermittent but heavy static fire from within the hangar. Before Lasky could think about what she had said, several large-sounding explosions shook the floor, and muffled cries of agony could be heard, even through the steel doors that allowed entrance to the hangar. Seeing this as a sign to oversee the fight taking place, Lasky promptly said, "If you'll excuse me, Doc." Maybe, just maybe, he could get these Germans to surrender themselves..

...

The Germans wouldn't surrender. That much was clear.

Ever since the fight had started up, Millard had tried to provide as much covering fire as he possibly could have to stem the tide of UNSC casualties and to pave the way for reinforcements. Numerous attempts via shouting and signaling for a cease fire had gone unneeded by the Germans, who were thoroughly pissed off that their commanding officer had been shot. Now, they had apparently broken out everything that they had to wreak their vengeance on the UNSC forces in the hangar bay. Grenades, accurate fire from their rifles, and even rockets

exploded and tore through the ranks of the Marines and counter-boarding forces that the Infinity had yielded. Spartan IVs were in route, but due to the nature of equipping their armor and readying up, it would be a good few minutes before the first fire team could respond effectively.

To complicate matters even further, though the Forerunner artifact was relatively small to shield four people from UNSC fire, there was no way to effectively dislodge the Germans without hitting the artifact and possibly causing damage. Grenades and rail guns were out of the question, leaving only conventional weaponry for use, and even that could only be used if any of the four Germans exposed themselves above the artifact. This left the Marines and Millard, who was the only Spartan present, in a very dangerous and complicated situation. And though Millard did have the famed "Spartan Time" feature acquired through extensive training augmentations, he lacked his helmet, which was necessary to target and maximize the potential of Spartan Time. In essence, he was just one step above the marines he was fighting beside.

As he crouched behind a durasteel barricade that had been set up minutes prior, he considered his options. A frontal assault would be costly, even with Spartan IVs leading the charge. There was no way to get behind the Germans, as there was only one entrance into the hangar that was currently working with power, leaving very little options for how to deal with this new and unprecedented threat.

Millard was brought back to the present, however, as a sharp crack rang out and a serviceman next to him dropped his DMR, clutching at his throat, and rising up, out of cover. Before even Millard or the other Marines around him could act, another crack rang out, and blood suddenly sprayed out the back of his head. The man, who still had a surprised look on his face visible through his visor. stood still for a moment before falling backwards onto the deck. One of the Marines simply said, "Aw, hell!", and the fight raged on.

As Millard fired a spray of bullets in the Germans' general direction, he noticed that same Marine still staring at the body of the former serviceman. "Hey," Millard nearly shouted over to the oblivious marine, "he's gone!" The same Marine, crouched behind the barricade, kept staring. "He was my friend," he said, a noticeable tinge of anger in his voice. Millard could see where this was going, and tried to reason with him, holding out his hand and saying, "Look, don't-" But just as he was saying this, the Marine rose up with his assault rifle and took aim, yelling, "You fu-" Before he could finish his insult, however, he met the same fate as his friend, his head blowing nearly clean open, his body spinning away. Millard, who had been conveniently sprayed in the man's blood, simply yelled out, "Dammit!"

This was going to be a much harder fight than he first previously thought.

**\*\*Author's Note\*\***: And so there's the conclusion to chapter four. I'm extremely happy as to the support I've been receiving for this story, and I hope you all have enjoyed it thus far. Remember to drop advice (or criticism) in a review of yours if you want! I will gladly take any advice I can, and support greatly motivates me to produce more content. I will try to update more often, but at my high school Latin

is a required course to take. Unfortunately, it's one that I'm failing, and that inhibits my output of chapters for this story, but you have my assurance that this fic will go on. See you all next chapter!

## 6. The Beginning of the End

**\*\*Hello everyone! I want to thank you all once again for your support and patience with this story; honestly, I'm glad it's gotten this far already. Remember to leave any advice or criticism you have for this story in a review, as I guarantee it will be appreciated. Aside from that, onwards with the story!\*\***

"Chaff!" yelled an irate Conrad. "Come and fight like real soldiers!"

Ever since the firefight had broken out, the UNSC troopers (identified by various tags on their gear and armor) had been setting up various barricades and cover placements, taking a shot at the small group of Germans whenever an opportunity presented itself. Already bodies littered the ground where they had fallen, but the opposing force seemed to pay no heed and was apparently content with sitting behind cover to keep the Germans hemmed in from what looked to be the only exit route from whatever area they were in.

To add to the already deteriorating situation, the lack of cover was evident to both parties engaging in conflict, and only through sheer firepower had the UNSC soldiers been suppressed. Already, the team's gunner Steiner had taken a direct hit to the abdomen, and was currently directly behind the grounded alien artifact. It was clear now to the rest of Kurt's squad that there would be no way out of this.

Trapped inside an unknown enemy compound (from at least what was visible to the squad) and with no allies to call upon, there was only one option left, and by God would they make the UNSC pay for what they had done to Kurt, whose vitals had now flatlined.

This would be their last stand.

...

"Move up!" a UNSC Marine all but screamed. The strategy as laid down by Palmer herself was to move forward and deploy more cover for the soon-to-be-arriving Spartan IVs and to also keep the Germans off balance. The commander had reasoned that since there was no place for them to back up to, and the nearest cover was well over twenty yards away, this would be the best chance that everyone had at eliminating this new, and also human threat that was now posed to the Infinity.

The plan in reality panned out rather clearly: advances made were paid in blood, and with every barricade placed down another few troopers were killed in the deadly crossfire that the Germans were putting up. In one instance, two courageous soldiers ran out of cover and, together, slapped down an expanding baseplate that would expand into a decently thick barricade of overlapping metals. It would serve as another piece of essential cover for more UNSC Marines, but came with a cost.

Both of the soldiers were killed before the barricade could rise up, enveloped in an intense firestorm of lead and even an electrical burst from one of the hellish grenades the Germans used. Covering fire was, once again, ignored, and the reward for the heroism and courageousness of the two soldiers was shown by their twisted, burned, and mangled bodies lying to the side of and behind the cover they had sought to deploy.

Only five feet had been gained, and the cover could only be used if several people found the fortitude to make the dash to cover.

By now, the firefight had come to a point where at least a dozen barricade had been set up, and the artifact was now a mere fifteen feet away. Shell casings, blast marks, cries of agony, and numerous bodies had turned the entire hangar into an orgy of blood and violence. The price for miscommunication with the Germans would be high, and more would have to suffer before the end could be reached. And although one had already been visibly wounded, three more were still fighting the inevitable.

The fight to eliminate the Germans was amounting to an absurd death toll among the Marines, and many were already wounded among the several groups that had been sent in to secure both Lasky and Dr. Halsey. And this was looking more and more like the opposing group knew what would eventually happen, but wouldn't capitulate.

The Germans were continuing to throw everything but the kitchen sink at the Marines, and as more and more men were killed and injured, the scene just became uglier and uglier, to an extent that members of incoming squads of troopers would slip on the pools of blood and gore that had grown substantially throughout the firefight.

The carnage also spread to near by Pelicans and other assault vehicles. A stray bullet had hit an ammunition case on the back of a Warthog, causing an eruption of ignited bullets and other fragments. The Warthog was wrecked, and several servicemen nearby were injured, though they were able to continue to fight. The fight was turning into a stalemate, and the Marines just couldn't break it alone.

However, with a hiss of the steel doors behind them, the long awaited saviors of the Marines inside finally materialized. Through smoke and fire, two detachments of Spartans, one recognizably Crimson Team and another, an anti-boarding party segment, decked out in polished gray and steel armor with blue faceplates. They, unlike the previous entering Marines, came under the protection of the barricades almost instantly.

As they were moving up, a very relieved Millard moved to greet them. "Man, am I glad you guys are-" He was interrupted however when a lanky, red faced marine clutching an assault rifle promptly shouted, "Where the hell have you been?! Certainly took your damn time!" Crimson's team leader, whose voice sounded rather impassive, simply stated, "Well, we're here now. Spread out, Crimson!"

Moving as they had trained, they fanned out among the beleaguered Marines. Crimson's leader, who was still standing Millard, promptly asked him loudly, "We've already been briefed about no grenades, or railguns. Just stand back, and let us take care of this."

There was a hint of venom to his voice, and Millard protested. "Whoa, hey, you can't just off me like that!" Crimson's leader, who had just started to move towards a frontal barricade, turned on a dime and gave him a cold gaze. "As assigned by Commander Palmer, Crimson will handle this op. An under armored, lone Spartan would only get in our way. Now, Spartan, go join your squad."

At this moment an explosion rocked the ground as a set of deployable cover gave way, exposing yet more soldiers to murderous fire from the Germans. Looking back to Millard, the squad leader simply stated, "We're done here." Wasting no time, he rushed to the first barricade, already directing his squad to return fire. Millard, knowing he couldn't do much else, simply turned and exited back the way he had once came as more soldiers and equipment rushed past him, with thoughts of dejection and bitterness filling his mind. For him, the fight was now over.

...

Though the UNSC forces were closing in slowly but surely towards the artifact, Mathias still felt it was his duty to tend for and help his squad in any way he could. This specifically entailed the treatment of Steiner, who, at the moment, was wracked with absolute pain. Though they were all wounded in some way or another, the abdomen wound that Steiner had received entitled him to a slow, and painful death. To the group's horror, when they had first inspected the wound under fire, they discovered that the UNSC soldiers used a specific kind of bullet that caused severe burns and that splintered off inside the body.

Needless to say, the results were more than messy.

The bullet fired had entered through Steiner's vest and up into his stomach region. The bullet, following its intended nature, had splintered off in scalding shards that had burrowed throughout his body, and blood was pumping out of his system at an alarming rate.

Steiner, trying to suppress his expressions of pain, made his efforts on vain. While he kept silent unless the wound was probed, his pale face, sweat, and difficulty breathing gave way to the fact that he was severely injured. Though Mathias, nor anyone else in the group was a medic, while trading fire with the UNSC they managed to find a shot of morphine in one of Kurt's vest pouches.

Mathias had made the decision to treat Steiner, who was now clearly dying, while both other squad members would cover him. Picking up the shot, he started to roll up Steiner's left sleeve but was stopped by a shaking, gloved hand that belonged to Steiner himself. "D-Don't put me under.." he pleaded quietly. "I won't, Kameraden," Mathias promised. Simply nodding his head, Steiner fell back onto the deck beside the artifact, his blood intermingling with the soft red glow that it gave off.

Just as he administered the dose of morphine to Steiner to ease his pain, over the din of the battle he picked up the distinct sound of clanking armored boots and heavy weaponry. Sparing a glance up, his eyes widened in surprise as he took in the sight of the new adversaries.

Rapping his fist on the Stahlhelm that belonged to Conrad, Mathias, now noticeably, albeit slightly, nervous, pointed a hand towards the newcomers. Their armor seemed much more advanced than the soldiers' whom they had been fighting this far. They seemed to be much more coordinated in their attacks than the others, and this both startled and terrified Mathias. Alerting Conrad to this new threat, he picked up his trusty rifle and, sighting a grey armored individual peeking out of cover, opened fire.

Surprisingly, though the round caught the shoulder, the bullet appeared to bounce off shields that suddenly sprang up around the armor. The soldier stumbled slightly, before moving back into cover. At this, Mathias was more than surprised; he was utterly shocked. Nowhere in the Reich had personal shield ever been developed, and even larger scale ones were deemed to costly or bulky for combat use. This, through everything, confirmed to Mathias, at least, that they were no longer anywhere on Earth and that they were truly in a different era, or even an entirely different time period.

However, he had no time to dwell on that, as more and more of the armored individuals began to appear. Ducking from a burst aimed at his head, he decided that they truly were out of options. The UNSC were within feet of them, now. He silently noticed Steiner drawing his handgun, despite his grievous injury. Turning to Konrad as the other able-bodied man of the team, Johan, opened fire, he laid out his last instructions.

"Load AP rounds. Prep the explosives. This is it."

## 7. Finishing the Fight

**\*\*Captain Lasky's Office, Thirty Minutes After First Contact\*\***

Shortly after Lasky had left the developing firefight, he had seen to it that neither Halsey nor Palmer had been injured. After he had determined that, aside from Halsey's despair of how the situation had spiraled so dramatically out of hand, both were untouched, he had near instantly received a communique from Roland himself.

He was still directly outside of the hangar in the main corridor, and so screams and punctual gunshots were heard when he answered via his earpiece. "Captain?" When he had first heard Roland's voice, Lasky could immediately discern a noticeable amount of both worry and hesitation in the A.I.'s voice. "Yes, Roland? In case you haven't noticed, a lot's been going on down here, and I don't have much time to-" Lasky, though, was cut off by Roland, which he was beginning to grow more and more annoyed of as the day went on.

However, his sense of annoyance was forgotten as Roland promptly told him both unexpected and surprising news when he said, "Pardon me, Captain, but I have a signal transmitting to you from ONI headquarters. Top priority."

At this, Lasky blanched; one didn't normally receive calls from the most secretive, feared organization embedded within the UNSC. To get one either meant that you had only a set time to live, or you had information that they wanted. And so, when Roland told him just who

had requested a conversation with the captain of the Infinity, he had nearly doubled over in surprise.

It was none other than High Admiral Serin Osman.

...

Lasky currently stood in his office, the light hue of the painted over walls doing nothing to calm his nerves as he paced back and forth before his desk. Had Osman found out about the unexplained intrusion within the Infinity? Did she know that even now as he stood, it was still going on? So many questions and very few answers rushed through the captain's mind as he waited for Roland's alert that Osmans's feed would be patched through.

He didn't have to wait long.

Roland, materializing briefly on his desk, merely said "Captain, the line is secure." Lasky turned to face to view screen, acknowledging Roland with a simple nod. Roland disappeared, and then, suddenly before him was Lasky's superior. Stiffening with a salute, he hoped that things would only pan out to be a simple "check-up" on how things were going with the Requiem Project.

With a wave of her hand, Lasky dropped the salute and eased up ever so slightly. Dressed in the dark grey outfit of a Rear Admiral, Osman looked rather intrigued, if a little bored. She began with a simple, "How are things, Captain?" Lasky, swallowing his nervousness, replied, "The Requiem Project is going along quite well. Several artifacts were recovered after we broke through Storm aerial forces, and more is expected to be recovered soon. Osman merely inclined her head, indicating she was satisfied.

However, to Lasky's mild concern, she looked off to the side as if to check something, then turned and asked him the question he'd been hoping she'd avoid. "Are these artifacts of any importance?"

The manner in which she responded, though rather curt, suggested that not even she had any clue as to what was happening within the Infinity. Lasky, knowing very well what he said would have profound effect on the Rear Admiral, replied hastily, "The majority of the Forerunner pieces we have found have not been proven to be useful, or their purposes have not yet been determined." Osman merely raised an eyebrow. "But?" Lasky took a breath. There would be no way around it; she would find out even if he didn't tell her.

"There's been an incursion..."

...

"Crimson! Move it!"

Shortly after entering the fight, it soon became evident that the arrival of the Spartan-IVs was a game-changer. One of the Germans was visibly bleeding out to the side of the artifact, and so much fire was now emanating from the UNSC lines that they hardly had a chance to even chance a look. However, two Spartans from the boarding contingent that had entered in with Crimson were wounded, one severely, when one of the Germans had blind fired a rocket from his cover.

However, it was clear that the Germans were not going to make it out from the encounter. Not seconds ago, Crimson's leader had directed the Spartans of both teams to throw flash bangs around the artifact, but not directly onto it, for fear something undesirable would happen.

The results spoke for themselves.

Six flash bangs properly thrown elicited cries of alarm and pain from the Germans, halting their fire and actually causing on to step up out and out of cover with hands clutched to his face.

Immediately, Crimson's leader shouted an unnecessary, "Contact!" At least three different Spartans, including himself, snapped up their weapons and fired. The German's armor held for roughly two seconds, giving off ghostly orange sparks and shrieks of metal on metal before it broke down. The result of over twenty different rounds of Tungsten steel being shot through the German's chest and head created a cloud of red mist that hung in the air as the body flew backwards.

By now, both teams of Spartans had completely left cover and were jogging towards the artifact. An anti-boarding member ran ahead of Crimson with a DMR poised and at the ready before his head was split open by German who had decided to peek out of cover. Readjusting his aim, he was about to fire again before a round from Crimson's support gunner embedded itself in his shoulder.

With less than ten feet to go, the Spartans collectively broke into sprint, closing the distance with in several seconds. In his mind, Crimson's leader kept track of the Germans. One was still on the ground, and two were still behind the artifact. That changed, however, as the two combat-able Germans Crimson's leader had just noted both stood up and started backing up, firing their weapons as they went. Crimson's leader ignored the tracers that flew past his head and the cries of pain behind him as he depressed the trigger on his assault rifle, going full auto.

He was so close now, that accuracy no longer mattered.

The overwhelming fire instantly took down one of the Germans, his body spinning away, bloody and smoking. The other German, who had been injured in the shoulder, dropped his empty gun and instead reached for one of the odd-looking grenades on his belt. Calmly readjusting his aim, Crimson One sent a burst through his skull before the grenade could be reached.

Deafening silence filled the hangar as the corpse hit the ground, the sounds of gunfire and shells hitting the ground having evaporated, along with any threat the Germans may have posed. Everyone, Spartans included, eased up and started checking their weapons and the bodies of the Germans.

Crimson One checked the one he had freshly killed, looking for any distinguishing. He specifically noted an armband, labeled Deutches Reich. Frowning he was about to PCI up the rifle that the former German had dropped, but froze when he heard a gasp.

He and nearly everyone else turned to the cause of sound. There, propped up at the base of the artifact, sat a bleeding and



disoriented German. Before anyone could do anything, Crimson One shouted out, "Hold fire!" The German appeared to be in no position to do any harm, and killing him outright wouldn't serve to do anything to anyone. As he saw it, the German could be gleaned for valuable information, and then disposed of properly.

He ordered his squad to disperse to attend to the wounded along with seeing if anything was worth salvaging, and then made up his mind. With eyes intent on the German and possibly a rank promotion, Crimson One began his walk towards the injured and dying German.

...

Steiner knew the end was near. His armor was compromised. His vision was going red with pain, and he had lost a massive amount of blood. A handgun lay just a few feet from him, but he made no move towards it. Seeing the armored being walk towards him he knew that in no way would he live. He only hoped that his plan of no surrender would work.

The armored individual was now within a few feet of him. His grip tightened on the detonator he held behind him.

...

Crimson One began his interrogation with a smirk; though the German couldn't see it, he was filled with joy at the thought of personally interrogating and subduing an enemy of the UNSC. Moving closer he spoke out. "Haven't see armor like yours in circulation. Must be a pain to make, I bet."

No response.

His smile dipping just a bit, he continued on with, "You seem pretty badly hurt. How about we make a trade; you answer some of my questions, and you can get some of the best medical care the UNSC can afford."

This time, the helmeted head tilted slightly. "UNSC? Never heard of it." At this Crimson One paused; it was possible that the man was now delirious. He would have to hurry.

"Where are you from? Why are your weapons off the charts? What is Deutches Reich?" At this the man stirred, saying, "Please, come closer. I can't speak very well." Crimson One leaned in as the German, who was now audibly gasping for breath, leaned his head forward as well.

"Aufwiedersehen, schweinhund!"

Confused, Crimson One pulled back. It wasn't until he caught the German bringing his hand around did he understand just how badly he had misjudged the German's threat. For there, firmly clutched in his hand, was a detonator with multiple wires attached and running back to the German's armor. Eyes widening, Crimson One stumbled back and reached for his sidearm. The others noticed the commotion, and they too started shouting alerts and raising their weapons.

But it was too late.

The German had already depressed the button on the detonator, and even as bullets slammed into his body and the detonator dropped from his hand, weak laughs could be heard along with a high pitched beeping. Crimson One simply stood, muttering the age-old phrase that had been passed down through generations of UNSC soldiers of all caliber, both on and off duty.

"Well, shi-"

And then Crimson One was transcended into nothingness.

...

"So you're telling me that a team of operatives from an unknown faction have boarded and are currently attacking personnel of the Infinity due to a misfire from one of our personnel?"

Osman had been believing of his story, more or less, but she had demanded he go over it more than once. Even summing it up, it still took rather long, and Lasky only had so much patience. Osman was especially interested in how the unknown soldiers were speaking an ancient human language and how they had seemingly appeared out of thin air. And though Lasky had tried to answer to the best of his ability, it obviously wasn't satisfying the Rear Admiral's questions.

Just as she was beginning to ask another series of questions, however, a small, albeit noticeable vibration shook through the room. Osman's image broke up slightly, and then went to black. "Captain!"

Lasky whirled around to see Roland, who had materialized on the desk, frantically trying to get his attention. "Roland, what was that?" he began. "What's the situation with the Germans?" Roland, who had begun to run data reports through the system mainframe, replied with, "There's been a military grade explosion in the hangar area. Damage is unconfirmed, and fire control teams are en route to the location, along with two contingents of Spartans." Lasky merely stood, contemplating what he had just been told.

"My God..." he breathed.

The Germans had just possibly cost him not only his best fire team, but a near full complement of Pelicans, assault vehicles, and Marines.

Osman would have a field day with him.

...

The bomb was salt on the wound of how poorly prepared the Infinity was to handle intruders.

Palmer moved in after the fire control teams, surveying the blazing inferno that had previously been a proud, industrial workhorse of the Infinity. Several Pelicans, with their fully stocked ammunition and fuel deposits, made for a bright fireworks display of popping .50 caliber rounds and ruptured fuel lines. The assault vehicles, fared no better, with several having been wrecked, their frames warped and

blackened by fire.

It was fortunate that only several vehicles of the Infinity's stockpile of arms and vehicles had been up and "on deck" when the bomb went off.

However, the personnel inside when it did go off weren't. Twisted, morphed assault rifles and DMRs lay about on the ground, and the odd cracked helmet or arm piece lay about randomly.

No one within a stone's throw of the Germans had been spared.

As the control teams moved in, suppressing the fires that mainly came from the exploded vehicles, Palmer received a call on her off-duty ear piece. Upon accepting the request, she discovered that it was none other than Lasky attempting to call her.

Turning her face from a sheet of flame that erupted from a previously unexplored cache of ordinance, she shouted over the din, "What is it, Captain?"

"How bad is the damage?" he responded quickly. "What are we looking at, Sarah?" Observing the damage, and stepping aside as a trio of medics dragged an unconscious, unidentifiable Spartan from a pile of debris, Palmer replied, "It mainly looks that the vehicles and personnel suffered the most. Other than that, the deck's held and we might be able to get this things back into shape within a few days." An audible sigh of relief was heard before Lasky asked, "Do we know how many are dead yet?"

Palmer, moving forward through the wreckage of what were once barricades began making her way towards the artifacts last position. "Teams are pulling multiple survivors from the debris, but I don't think that Crimson made it." She paused, and then continued on. "Most of the Marine contingent we sent in are also gone, though some wounded ones are being transported to the medical bay for operation. It's a mess, Tom."

There was a moment of silence on the other end of the kind before the captain continued. "Well, can you determine whether the artifact is stable or even if it's still there?" he responded.

By now the fires, having exhausted their sources of fuel, were beginning to die out. And as she stumbled through towards the center of the hangar, a dim red glow emerged through the smoke and fire to reveal that the artifact had indeed survived.

Raising her hand to her earpiece once more as she moved swiftly towards the artifact, now within sight.

"Yes, I can see it. No enemy contacts in sight either. It looks like..." Her voice trailed off as she neared the object. What appeared to be an advanced shielding system appeared to be in effect around the artifact, and though the area around it was blackened what was covered by the shield was completely untouched. Even if it was Ground Zero for the blast, the bomb blast was thrown outward and around the artifact. Bathe shield must have been placed by the Forerunners to protect the device from a possible forced opening.

It was ingenious.

"What? What is it?" came Lasky's reply. "What did you find, Sarah?"

The reason she had stopped was not because of the shield, but rather what was inside of the shield. For there, directly to the side of the artifact, bathed in red was Kurt, the original German that had been shot.

"Just, give me a moment Tom," she answered, and then, tentatively, reached her hand out towards the shield. Surprisingly, her armored glove passed through with no resistance, and she quickly grabbed the deceased German by his arms and dragged him out.

"Now, who are you exactly?" she murmured. Ignoring the heat given off by the wilting fires around her, she examined the former leader of the Germans. Aside from having a gaping hole in his shoulder, his armor was miraculously unscathed. His sidearm was still strapped to his side, and his jet black armor still gave no indication as to whom he was affiliated with. The eagle clutching the strange symbol was still visible on his chest, though what it meant still wasn't clear.

However, as she started to turn over his body to see if there was anything else she could gather, her eyes widened in shock. She stood up and grasped her dual Magnums, aiming them at the limp body of the German.

"Medic!" she yelled.

The German was still alive.

**\*\*Consider this an apology and recompense for not updating as frequently. More to come, and thanks again for your support!\*\***

## 8. A Brief Interruption

Hullo everyone! Sorry to say that no, this is not a new chapter, but rather a brief update on this story and some changes I've made. First off is the title. Halo: The New Order was actually meant to be a stopgap of a title while I came up with a new one, and I think this one'll fit rather well considering how things with Kurt will get rather personal. I am also going back through and making edits to all the chapters, and work on the new chapter is already underway. I'm sorry that this has seemingly been neglected and I promise you more will come during this Christmas break. I would like to once again thank you all for supporting this fanfiction, and criticism is always well received! Thanks again and I hope you all have a merry break!

## 9. A Meeting In The Ward

**\*\*Hey everyone! I've decided to replace the previous chapter with this one because, well, when I sat back and thought about it, the more I realized just how OP I made Kurt and I joust grew more and more unhappy about what I wrote. I only recently got the time to update it, and for that I apologize. Also, would any you be interested if I started another story crossing over the main**

character from Spec Ops: The Line with Mass Effect? Do comment and let me know. Other than that, enjoy!\*\*

Dreams filtered through his pain-subdued mind. They came and went. Memories surfaced as well, both pleasant ones that Kurt reminisced and ones that he wished would go away. However, it was when he woke up periodically that he would long for the depths of darkness, good memories to be had or no. Bright lights, and shouting. Both injections to and of his blood were taken to the point he thought that his arms were being grasped and sawed off.

\_I would kill for some morphine\_.

He drifted in and out of consciousness, wishing that his body would make up its mind. But it was when he felt the final injection of chemicals into his bloodstream, he knew he was going out. His vision had started to darken rapidly, the pain subsiding, until Kurt only had one last thought flash through his mind:

\_This isn't going to be good..\_

...

"Ah, \_Kommandant\_! A pleasure to see you in such well being!"

Kurt opened his eyes. There he stood, in a memory of his fighting on the Eastern Front. He remembered clearly where this had once taken place, as the setting was that of a command bunker, drab and grey with radio staff bustling about and swastikas hung from the ceiling.. Looking around, he felt himself and discovered that he was wearing one of the now outdated Reich service uniforms, old assault rifle and all. Artillery shrieked in the distance.

"Kommandant?"

He briefly looked up to his former commanding officer; Herr Beltzen, if he remembered right. Short, wiry, wearing glasses, just looking at him again made the former soldier clench his hands.

How he hated Beltzen now for what he had made him done.

Before he could say anything, however, Kurt suddenly felt his body stiffen. Losing control over himself, he, uncontrollably, felt himself smile and eagerly report, "Heil Hitler!" while raising his arm in the standard salute.

Beltzen smiled, albeit frostily, returned the salute, and, upon his signal to relax, past-Kurt did so.

"Formalities aside, I'm sure you know why you've been brought here in such a rush," he said, all the while smiling. "You're service to the Reich has been undeniably contributing to our successes against the Russian counter offensives we've seen as of late."

"Danke, Herr-" Kurt began, but was quickly cut off by Beltzen himself, saying, "Now now, we needn't such drab addresses on an occasion such as this, do we? We stand here today to acknowledge your serve and achievements at such and essential time for the Fatherland."

He paused.

Kurt watched as he turned suddenly, stepping to a table with a small, ornate wooden book set on top of it. Reaching inside, Beltzen quickly pulled out the medal that was so highly coveted among Germans troops; the Iron Cross, First Class.

Turning back and stepping to Kurt, he began to smile that despicable, smug grin Kurt so dearly wanted to wipe off his face. However, despite he knew what was coming next, Kurt could do nothing except watch as Beltzen began to speak.

Shaking Kurt's hand, he continued, "I doubt we need go through what this medal is or why you deserve it. After all, taking out an enemy trench single-handedly, with no team support, air support, or else is deserving of praise."

Beltzen paused, before adding, "No to mention over fifty enemy combatants were in that trench. Taking them out cleared the way for the Fuhrer's much desired advance into Lesser Russia."

Past-Kurt remained silent, and Kurt could only feel his dread building up as he knew what Beltzen would say next. Sure enough, as the diehard Nazi began to reach out to pin the medal on Kurt, he stopped. His eyes were suddenly cold.

"There is, however, just one thing you must do to prove you are willing to commit everything to our great cause. It's nothing too difficult, you see. If you'll come with me, Kommandant."

"Ja, Herr Beltzen."

Even though he had just addressed him formally, Beltzen only smiled coyly, and led Kurt further in the bunker.

...

"You see, to prove you are willing to do anything for the Great Leader, I need you to do the Reich a service most could not."

Beltzen lead Kurt into a small cell, a bare, flickering bulb providing the only lighting for a room cut off from sunlight.

However, it was what was on the other side of the cell that caught Kurt's attention. For there, stock still, were three former Red Army soldiers, handcuffed, and still in their tattered uniforms facing the wall.

There were two grunts, who Kurt didn't much remember, but it was the one in the middle, who couldn't have been older than fourteen. He was shaking slightly, and was muttering what might have been prayers, even holding a small cross.

The air suddenly became much colder as Beltzen said, simply:

"Execute these men."

Unholstering his Luger and putting it into Kurt's already outstretched hand, Beltzen stepped back, hands behind his back, his face a mask.

Kurt knew what happened next, but even as he tried hard to force himself to leave the dream he was in or turn away, his eyes were glued to what was unfolding before him. And trying as hard as he might, he couldn't turn the pistol on Beltzen instead.

He would have loved to have said he hesitated, fighting a moral conflict in his head of humanity or orders when he was told to execute the former soldiers.

The truth was that, as it had happened, moments after Beltzen had told Kurt to execute the prisoners, the handgun was raised.

Three bullets left the chamber.

Three bodies hit the dirt.

Beltzen stepped forward, afterwards, smiling, pinning on the Iron Cross and saying something Kurt couldn't have made out either in the past or now. Then, he had been so euphoric and delighted in his rewards that he couldn't wait at all to show the others his medal.

Now, Kurt knew exactly who he was. He was a murderer. He was once proud of it, too.

The guise of being a soldier could have covered up his killings for a time, but in the end, either way, Kurt had killed in cold blood. The boy with the cross would forever remain a part of Kurt, to remind him of the blood he had on his hands.

His medal, how he despised it, Kurt kept to serve as a reminder of what he done, and how he would never serve blindly to another again.

Kurt Meyer, once a soldier of the Reich, was and forever would be a murderer.

Then his world was dissolved, sucked into a blinding white.

...

"I want to know where these men came from, and I want to know now!"

Captain Lasky was never one to lose his temper, but with the recent amount of servicemen killed, including Crimson team, he just couldn't help but direct his fri

subtraction towards Palmer and Halsey, both of whom had been called to his office for a conference on the recent chain of events.

Halsey was the first to respond, saying, "It's entirely likely that they are from an Insurrectionist group we've yet to encounter on the Outer Colonies, but that still doesn't explain how they managed to use a Forerunner artifact to get onboard."

She paused, before adding, "Or what their intentions were."

Palmer glanced at Halsey before looking back to Tom. Her words had only slightly affected him, as he was still visibly upset.

Before she could make a move to comfort him, however, Roland appeared on his desk with a slight bow.

Lasky, brow going up, turned to Roland. "What is it!"

Roland, seemingly brushing off the brusque remark, said, "I would like to inform you that Unknown One is now conscious and in stable condition in Medical. He hasn't said a word so far."

Lasky looked at Palmer.

"Let's go formally meet this newcomer, then."

...

Ever since gaining consciousness, Kurt had remained silent, ignoring the nurses and orderlies that had come up to him. He rested with his eyes closed, contemplating what he should do or say, if he should look for an escape or play along.

When he had woken up, he was instantly subjected to a variety of tests and blood samples before he was, quickly, left alone. A nurse had handed him what was labeled as a "UNSC Serviceman's Data-Packet," to pass the time, as the smiling orderly had told him. When Kurt had begun to read just what the extraordinary touch based data packet contained, tentatively touching and scrolling the screens, more than one nurse had rushed to him to check on his vitals.

The nurse who had given the pad to him had gone away, muttering how the entertainment value in them needed serious changing or else more patients would die of boredom rather than wounds.

How wrong she was.

Being the quick reader as he was, he was able to sift through a massive amount of information extremely fast. It was no small surprise to him when he learned, for example, he was actually on a spaceship, and not a ground side hospital. The year was 2558, and no mention of the Reich was to be found. This faction's name was the USNC, formally the United Nations Space Command, formed to protect Earth and all of her colonies from the Covenant...

The further he went in, the more and more interesting things became. It was only after he had explored everything unrestricted on the data-pad that he finally began to look at his surroundings, still recovering from the shock of learning where he was.

It appeared that he was in a medical wing of some sorts. No windows, but still brightly lit with nearly everything in sight being white colored, and though it wasn't drab by any means it still looked rather.. bare. Rows of medical beds lined the walls to his left and right, and it seemed as though he was in the center.

His armor was also gone, and he was in nothing but a patient's gown, he wouldn't last a moment against security personnel. Though there



were somewhat cheerful nurses and polite doctors in the long, empty ward he was in, at either end there stood two heavily armed and armored soldiers in blue, holding what seemed to be vicious looking machine guns.

Escape wasn't viable at the moment, it seemed.

Still with eyes closed, he contemplated his team, and how they were most likely dead. Truth be told, it was possible throughout any part of their escape from the Reich that any one of them could be killed, and he had so steeled himself for that possibility.

It would honestly be tying up loose ends.

As he thought, he heard a commotion at one end of the ward. Opening his eyes, he turned to see multiple soldiers and scientists, apparently, bustle through the opened glass doors that had previously been locked.

\_And I caused all this.\_

It was when a multitude of them, including the trio he had seen in that hangar, made their way towards him he simply resigned himself to the fact that he would have to bear through a great deal of questioning.

Internally sighing, he simply thought, Here we go, and faced the oncoming crowd.

...

As Lasky approached the man, his escorts, aside from Halsey, stopped and waited at a respectful (yet close) distance, in case the unknown would try something. As Lasky approached, though, the man, laying on the hospital bed that had been provided to him, simply watched, not so much as moving a muscle.

Stopping just a few feet from the newcomer's bedside, he examined the man, albeit briefly. He had dark, regulation cut blond hair, icy blue eyes, and an overall stoic disposition. His face was sharp, not being overly pointed but not flat, either. He had a good build as well, suggesting former intensive training, like that of a soldier, who couldn't have been more than thirty.

All the while, the newcomer seemed to be examining him the exact same way, slightly unnerving Lasky. So he decided to cut right to the chase.

Clearing his throat, he began, "I'm Captain Thomas Lasky, Commander of the UNSC Infinity and task force 101. I'd rather not this be an unpleasant experience for the both of us, so I'm going to ask that you identify yourself and how you got onboard this ship."

The man remained silent, raising an eyebrow. Lasky tried again.

"I know you can speak, like you did to Dr. Halsey here," he said, motioning with a wave of a hand to Halsey, who merely nodded, "and I'm asking you identify yourself and explain how you managed to get onboard the best ship the UNSC has near undetected."

The man shifted a bit, before speaking in a semi-smooth voice, accented by something even Lasky couldn't place.

"Kurt Meyer," he began. "And I do believe you're the one who had my men killed and myself shot." His tone unexpectedly became much colder, his gaze icier. "I don't know how I winded up here with my men, but I find it rather rude you have me shot without explanation."

Lasky, for his part, managed not to look sheepish and rather put on placating tone. "I assure you, Mr. Meyer, such things are not commonplace onboard this ship. Your sudden arrival, onto this ship, however, is another matter entirely, and though you look human to me, your armor and weapons are both unregistered and unrecognized. Your men, also cost me quite a bit of personnel who-

"-were firing on my men, no questions asked," Kurt dismissed with a wave of his hand. "Lives were lost, but that does not change the fact you started what you did."

Lasky, growing slightly irritated, tried a different approach. "And your equipment? The markings? How do you explain those?"

At this, he pondered for a moment, before leaning forward. "I will explain to you what it is and where I come from under certain conditions, Captain Lasky, if you will."

Lasky, raised an eyebrow. "And what would those be?"

Kurt appeared to smile lightly, without humor, before continuing, "I wish to have my armor and weapons returned to me, and I assure you I will personally disassemble them. I also request that no matter what, you, and only you hear my story and believe what I say to the best of your ability. And as for my last condition, I would like a separate room for which I may stay. As lovely as this all is-" he gestured, waving to the ward they were in, "I'm afraid this just isn't my taste."

Lasky now had both eyebrows up, and was rather incredulous at what the man had just said.

"And what makes you believe that I should grant you these conditions?" he asked.

At this, Kurt looked him directly in the eye. "Because, Kapitan," mispronouncing the word sharply, "it's the least you could do after shooting me and my men without giving us a chance to explain. Add to this that you will only be able to find out my background through me only, and I believe my request is rather reasonable."

Staying silent for a moment, Lasky looked to Halsey, who had stopped her typing. "I think the demands are reasonable, Captain. Provided he stays true to his terms and remains under watch," she offered.

Thinking for a moment, Lasky sighed, and met Kurt's gaze.

"You'd better have one good explanation for this."

End  
file.